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NATHAN HALE

By

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

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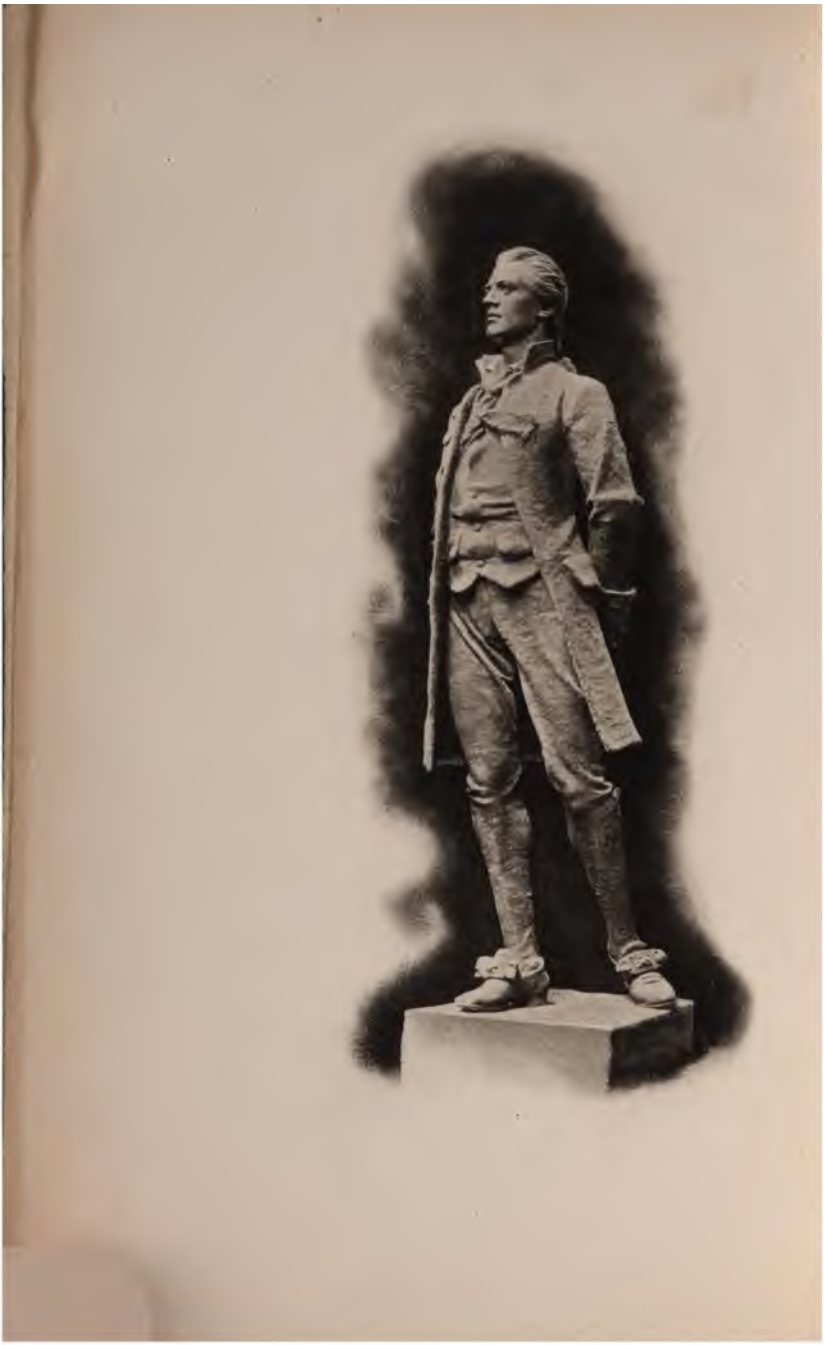

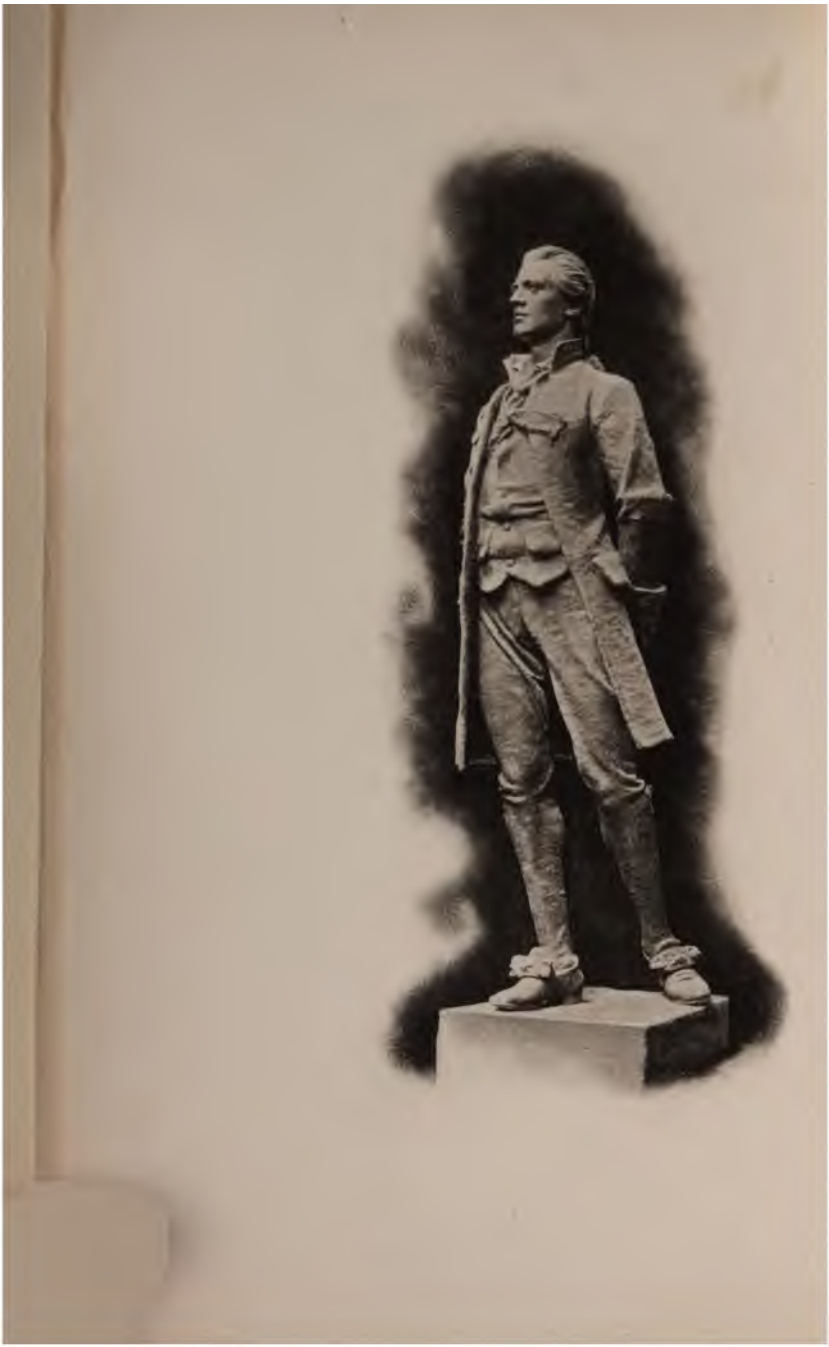

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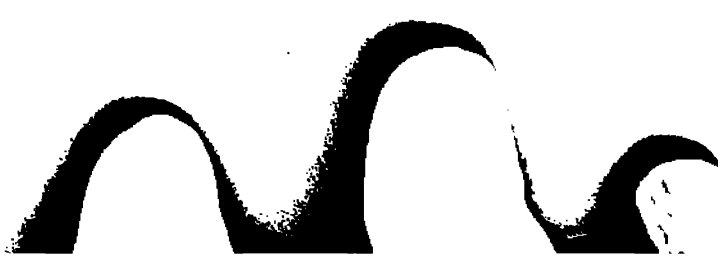

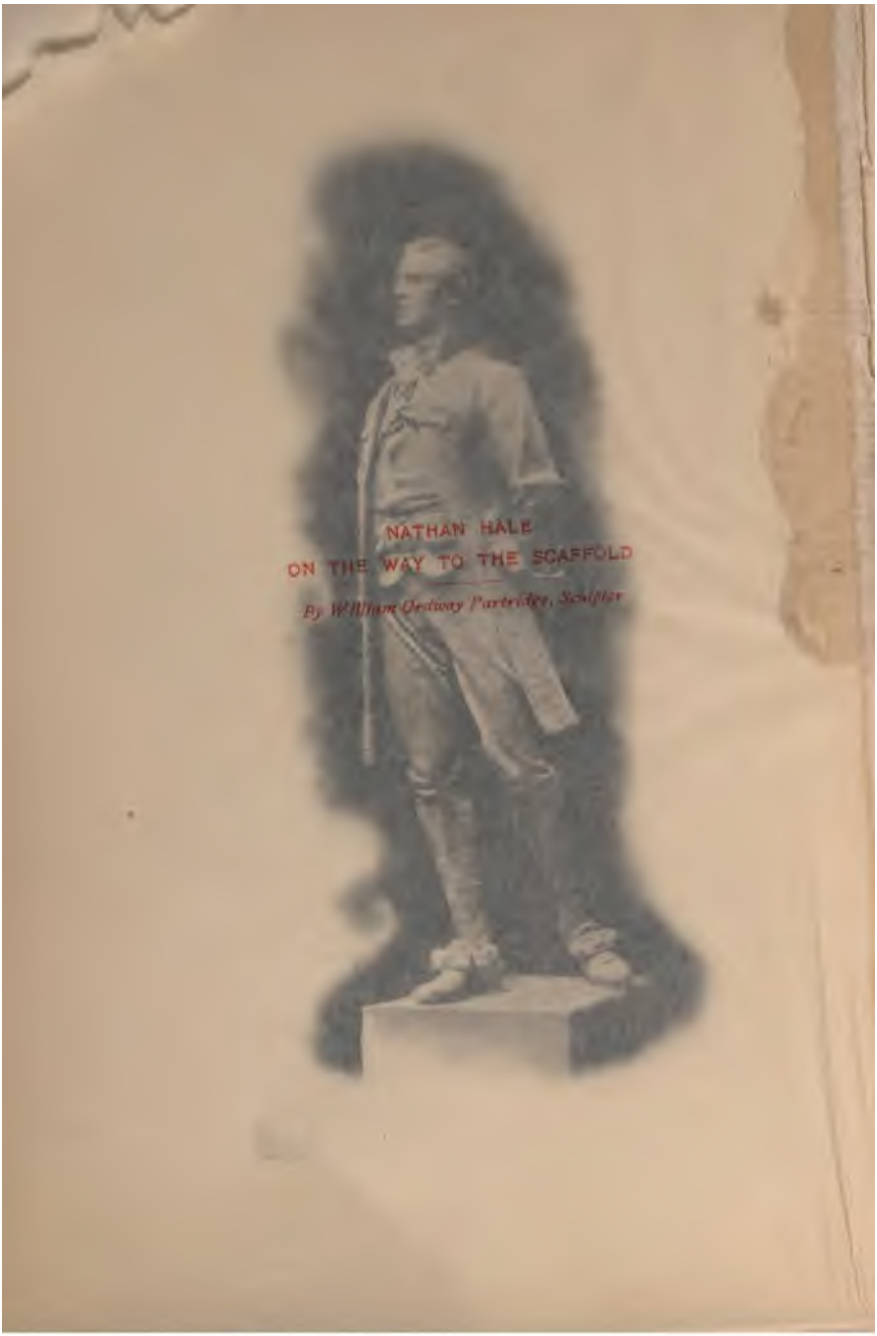

NATHAN HALE
ON THE WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD

By William Ordway Partridge, Sculptor

Nathan Hale

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Nathan Hale

THE IDEAL PATRIOT

A Study of Character

BY

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

With Views of the Author's Statue of Nathan Hale;
Portraits of Hale's Contemporaries and of
Kindred Characters;

ALSO

Three Drawings by W. R. LEIGH

TOGETHER WITH AN

Introduction by George Cary Eggleston

NEW YORK AND LONDON
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
1902

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Dedication

TO THE MEN OF YALE AND TO ALL MEN WHO HAVE
THE TRUE LOVE OF COUNTRY IN THEIR HEARTS
I DEDICATE THIS BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF OUR IDEAL AMERICAN PATRIOT

NATHAN HALE

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

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Author's Preface

Author's Preface

THIS book is not a conventional biography of a Revolutionary hero, with cuts of tombstones and dry historical data. It deals with the living present. In my statue and studies of this heroic life I have attempted to give the very spirit of one of America's foremost patriots—one who became a martyr on the threshold of his manhood and who died that we might be free.

It is a sculptor who has wrought for five years or more over the face and form of Nathan Hale, and who has found in this subject an inspiration not to be put into words, that is moved to write the simple story of the short and brave life of a man who has not yet received his meed of honor from his countrymen. I have looked with great interest over the lives of Hale that have been written by men of scholarly attainments, and have found them of interest mainly

to students of history, but they seem to me not inspired or vital to the living present. To these biographers this heroic life could not have meant as much as to the sculptor of the statue; wherefore the latter has undertaken to put into book form for the great, warm-hearted American people the data which he has gathered from relatives of Nathan Hale and from studies made of the young patriot's short life-history. A sculptor living with his statue and seeing it grow from day to day gets very close to the spirit of his subject, and such a one hopes to say in this biography a few words which those lips of bronze might utter could they open and speak, and which all his fellow officers and friends would say were they alive to speak for him.

It is a strange fact that there has been no great poem about Nathan Hale, altho men no less eminent than Timothy Dwight have essayed their hands at such a work. The attempts all

smack of the stage, of brass buttons, of the professor and the academy, and do not touch the soul of Hale's sacrifice and martyrdom. They sound as if Pope or some understudy of Pope's might have written them. Hale is too great for these little flights of fancy or the dry facts of the historian. It is unfortunate that not one of our great poets has felt inspired to write some sublime ode to the memory of this ideal hero. For, while English literature is full of eloquence and poetry in memory of the fate of the ill-starred André, it is a strange fact that neither Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, nor Lowell has felt inspired by the man who so notably stood in the fore of all his heroic contemporaries.

The time is just dawning for America when her people are beginning to appreciate the great souls that have created the republic. The sacrifice of Nathan Hale is one that we must not, can not forget, unless we write our own con-

demnation as a republic. The heroic deeds of a people live in its monuments. Greece is pre-eminently great because of her sculpture, and her sculpture commemorates the deeds of her national heroes. So Egypt, Persia, Assyria, —what are they but the Pharaohs, Cyrus, Sargon immortalized in stone?

"All passes into dust
Save deathless Art alone;
The bust
Survives the ruinéd throne."

So wrote Théophile Gautier. We have a purer and higher civilization to commemorate than that of thrones and empires, and therefore we should not, as Matthew Arnold feared for us, let

"Slowly die out of our lives,
Glory, and genius, and joy."

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Studios, January 4th, 1902,
New York City.

Nathan Hale

A POEM

STATUE OF NATHAN HALE (FRONT VIEW)

By William Ordway Partridge

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Nathan Hale

One hero dies—a thousand new ones rise,
  As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall;
Then quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries
  Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

With head erect he moves and stately pace,
  To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face:
  His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
  Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear.
Majestic presence!—all man's weakness hid,
  And all his strength in that last hour made clear:
"My sole regret, that it is mine to give
Only one life, that my dear land may live."

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

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Foreword

By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

Foreword

DURING half a dozen years or more Mr. Partridge the sculptor, and Mr. Partridge the patriot, and Mr. Partridge the poet—the three combined in one personality—has been engaged in a close, loving, and minute study of the character of Nathan Hale. Mr. Partridge the sculptor has interpreted Hale most nobly and inspiringly in clay and bronze. This interpretation is to stand forever on the college green at New Haven, over which Nathan Hale's footsteps so often fell during his student days.

Mr. Partridge the man of letters has in this book undertaken to interpret Nathan Hale in a text that can not fail to interest all who read. He has sought here to put into literature that which he has already so nobly put into sculpture. The result of his labors will appeal without doubt to every patriot, to every reader of literature, and especially to every man, woman,

and child who appreciates self-sacrifice in behalf of a great cause, or who recognizes the truth which forms the basis of all religions from that of Gautama to that of Jesus: namely, that the sacrifice of oneself for the benefit and the salvation of others is the worthiest use that any man can make of that life and of those privileges which have been given to him by a gracious God.

With that breadth of mind which inspires the artist, Mr. Partridge, tho a patriot, is in no sense a partizan. In that of course he is right; but in the interest of the truth of history it could be wished that he had made even stronger that which he has made strong: namely, that between the case of Nathan Hale and the case of Major André there is no comparison, but a contrast rather.

Nathan Hale was technically a spy, and as such he suffered the death which a cruel military law imposes for that miscalled crime.

FOREWORD

Nathan Hale went into the enemy's lines a patriot bent upon finding out what force the enemy had and what its dispositions were. Major André's mission was a different and a degraded one. He came into the American lines not as a scout—which Hale was in essence—charged with the duty of finding out the forces and the position of his enemy, but as a corrupter of men, with money and with enticing offers of official preferment. He came into the American lines to hire major-generals to betray their trusts, to forfeit their oaths, to perjure themselves, to make of themselves the most infamous creatures in existence for the sake of such reward as he could offer them.

Nathan Hale's mission was one of honor; André's mission was one of infamy. Nathan Hale was hanged upon a technicality which military men find it necessary to maintain and enforce. André—high born and highly connected as he was—was hanged for about the

most infamous crime that it is possible for any man to commit—the crime of suborning perjury —the crime of purchasing perfidy—the crime of betraying trust—the crime of treason in its most infamous form.

A certain soppy sentimentality has surrounded André with a halo of regret. Nothing of the kind is justified by the facts. André was an infamous scoundrel, caught in the act of doing the work of an infamous scoundrel.

Between these two men there was never, and there never can be, anything like a comparison. Between these two men there is and must always continue to be the radical distinction between a patriot engaged at the risk of his life in serving his country and a despicable scoundrel engaged in bribing others to dishonorable courses.

Perhaps it was a dull and unenlightened instinct that prompted the blowing up of the André monument on the Hudson River, but that

instinct was right in its ultimate inspiration. André was deserving of infamy. Nathan Hale was deserving of eternal admiration.

Let us not confuse these things. Let us not confound the good with the bad. Let us not for one moment institute comparisons where contrast only is suggested by the historical facts.

Mr. Partridge has studied the character, the purposes, and the personality of Nathan Hale as no other man has done since that patriot of the Revolution—educated, refined, and full of enthusiasm for his country's cause—sacrificed his life in behalf of those great principles of human right and the right of self-government among men for which our nation stands, and upon which it rests as its secure foundation. Surely from one end of the land to the other Mr. Partridge's interpretation of this great patriot-martyr will command not only assent but enthusiastic applause.

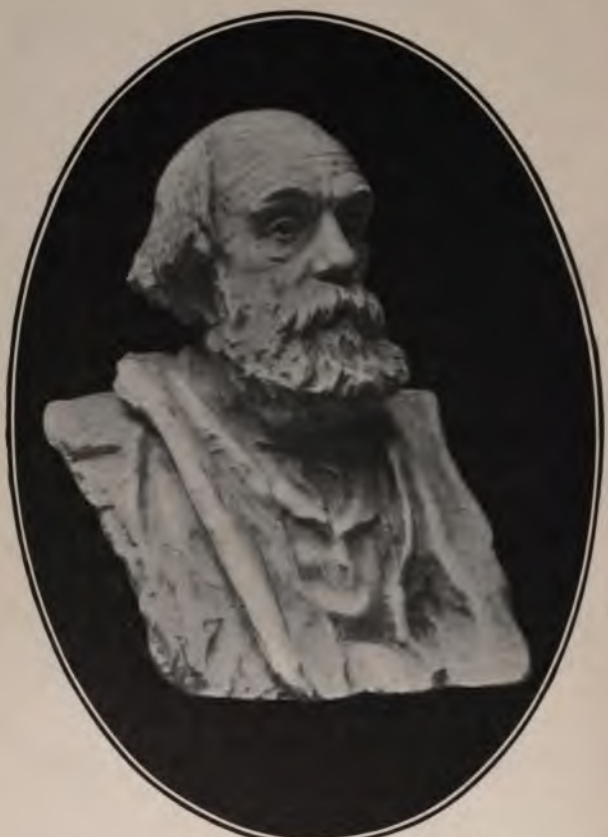
GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

The Creation of an Ideal Work

Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale, said at the dedication of the Ives-Cheney Gateway, October 21, 1901, as reported in *The Bicentennial Alumni Weekly* (page 179, fourth column):

"Of all the memorials which are offered to a University by the gratitude of her sons, there are none which serve so closely and fully the purposes of her life as these monuments which commemorate her dead heroes.

"The most important part of the teaching of a place like Yale is found in her lessons of public spirit and devotion to high ideals which it gives. These things can, in some measure, be learned in books of poetry and in history. They can, in some measure, be learned from the daily life of the College and the ideals which it inculcates. But they are most solemnly and vividly brought home by visible signs, such as this gateway furnishes, that the spirit of ancient heroism is not dead and that the highest lessons of College life are not lost."



BUST OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE
By William Ordway Partridge

The Creation of an Ideal Work

SOME years ago the suggestion for a Nathan Hale statue was made to me by several of the alumni of Yale, who felt that Hale was their typical hero and ought to have a place on New Haven green or on the University campus.

Strangely enough, Yale has been slow to honor the man who was her first patriot. I think it was about five years ago that I commenced work on my Hale models and tried to inform myself about this subject. When I began my statue of Alexander Hamilton, I was obliged to make a careful study of the Colonial epoch, tho the period, with its costumes and accessories, was not new to me. I gladly confess, however, that the work on the figure of Nathan Hale has been to me not only a revelation but an inspiration. When one thinks of that young fellow so full of life, so full of joy,

so full of physical and moral strength, just on the threshold of manhood, giving his life at twenty-one for his country's sake, giving it so gladly, so freely—we feel that it can not help but inspire the whole American people, as they turn from office, shop, and plowshare, and impel them to consider the ideals that make for manhood. We have run a long race, we Americans, since Columbus came here in his galleys, and we have only now stopped to breathe and think of those great lives of our ancestors that have made this modern life of ours possible.

"Thoughts great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare."

As we look back through the records of the past, especially through this Colonial epoch, we find no man more worthy to be put in enduring bronze and to stand forever on a college green,

than Nathan Hale. He is primarily Yale's hero and patriot; and the sons of Yale are turning, with an enthusiasm that can scarcely be understood by those who do not follow the growth of this university, toward symbolizing, in some permanent form, the man whose memory represents so much to his college, to his State, and to his country.

It has been suggested to me that it would be interesting to the public to know something of the creation of an ideal work. Originally I had Hale standing on the scaffold, but abandoned this idea to follow the suggestion made to me by the late Phillips Brooks. This was, that a man does not remain all his life at a university, but passes on to something higher and more worthy of his powers and of his larger manhood. I have therefore attempted to depict Hale in motion, but in a motion which inspires rather than fatigues. I represent him on his way to the scaffold, and my thought is that, as

the statue stands on the college green, it shall be the possession not only of the University of Yale, but of the State of Connecticut and of the whole country; that it shall be an inspiration to every young man who comes up to the university—a lesson of that higher patriotism, which, eliminating self, and impelled by principle, gives itself unreservedly for the good of its country.

So, as these young men look upon this statue, the sculptor trusts that they will be inspired, as Phillips Brooks suggested, to pass on to that larger life of the world, which, without forgetting the precious associations of their Alma Mater, shall lead them into the actual world of men, and to some ideal worthy of our ripest manhood.

As there is no portrait of Hale in existence, I went about making one in the following way. Of its wisdom the reader must judge, but in any case it was my way of working. I remembered

one thing especially—a thing which Phillips Brooks said to me when he came to my studio to see my Shakespeare,—that the men of any one epoch look alike. It is not difficult for the reader to see that there is a certain Colonial type represented by Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and others, that is in a way different from our own; and the suggestion of an epochal face is one that artists may dwell upon with all seriousness. First of all I studied the life and such fragments of the work of my hero as remain, and I have been in communication with three lineal descendants of Hale, that I might learn all that I could about the man.

Realizing his spiritual, moral, and physical make-up, I began to think of the face as it must be, keeping before me the Colonial type. Among my studies I made use of a cast, which is here depicted, of a typical Yale man, one who thought and worked along the lines of Na-

than Hale, who was willing to go into the ranks of the enemy and die there gladly if his country called him to do so. Of course I did not use this face as the life-mask showed it, but it helped to make up the Nathan Hale toward which I was working. Then, too, I used in part the bust of Edward Everett Hale which I made for the Union League in Chicago, since that distinguished man of letters is related to Nathan Hale. It is not difficult to imagine that this last of the great Bostonians of the Emersonian epoch has in his veins the same blood which quickened the youthful patriot; indeed, his story, "The Man Without a Country," testifies plainly to this fact. All this will be interesting to the public who crave to know how an artist gets a likeness which does not actually exist in form or color. First of all, he finds the spiritual type of the man—the class to which the man may be assigned. Then, by a careful study of his words or of his history,

LIFE MASK OF A TYPICAL YALE STUDENT

he arrives at an idea of the face that tallies with his thought or with his heroism, for, as Drummond and Browning have well said,

"A man is what he thinks."

The face itself suggests the trend of a man's thought. After this study of a man's thought and work, the artist uses such natural, tangible methods as I have suggested—casts, family likenesses, and the sagacious criticism of his fellow artists.

Of course this is only a brief outline of the immense labor and time that go to make up an ideal statue—work which is the test of a sculptor's ability, since an artist can often do a very good portrait statue from life when he would utterly fail with an ideal work. Such a creation means not only a study of history, but conversation with the men who are making the times and who are able to give intellectual and intelligible criticism.

In the historical records we find no account of the three important months in the life of Nathan Hale from September, 1776, until the first of January, 1777, other than the data given in this biography. On consulting these men of our time who have made the most careful researches into this epoch, and into these three all-important months to Washington and the new republic, I find that it is uncertain if Nathan Hale managed to convey across the river to his commander-in-chief any of the valuable information he acquired in the fortnight he spent in and about the enemy's camp.

Men who have argued that he kept in constant communication with Washington have not been able to furnish the author with any other evidence than their own beliefs on the subject. This fact, of course, in no way detracts from the greatness of Hale and from his sacrifice; in reality it only emphasizes the greatness of the man who can accept such a death as his, know-

ing that all the information he had obtained had been utterly destroyed, and that his mission was practically a failure. It emphasizes that victory of the vanquished—a victory which, as Browning well says,

"The world's coarse thumb and finger fail to plumb."

There are three scenes in the life of Nathan Hale—which in all covered a score of years—that fix themselves indelibly in the mind of the student of his life. The first is where, with beating heart and face flushed with the undaunted purpose that animated it, he presents himself before his commander-in-chief, to take from the lips of Washington himself the final directions which were to determine his movements and the duration of his stay in the enemy's camp. What a picture for an artist! Hale abandons the picturesque costume that he wore as an officer in the Continental army for

the plain homespun dress of the schoolmaster he is about to impersonate, and which he has actually worn in the capacity of teacher at New London and East Haddam.

We can imagine his reception by the dignified and rather reserved, but at this time most anxious, commander of the American forces, and how strangely its calm contrasted with the youth, animation, and alertness of the trim and tried athlete—known for the agility of his physical powers as well as for his natural and simple manners, and for that gift of personality which has held the world spellbound in the time of warfare as of peace, and which has never yet found definition in words. Washington bids him to be seated, and there in the twilight, before Hale starts out upon his fatal mission, discusses with him the route, the men to be seen and marked, the manner of despatching information (if possible) before his return, and the length of time he is to remain in that hostile

camp. Then in the silence and in the twilight the young man rises, and as he stands before Washington's powerful and well-knit figure, strong and staunch, altho well into middle life, it does not require a prophet's vision to see that the eyes which Stuart has so faithfully rendered—gentle, reserved, determined—are glistening as the great and kindly soul ponders over the thought that this may be his last glimpse of one of the most versatile, able, and courageous of his officers. With a low and dignified bow, receiving in return the silently expressed blessing of the anxious commander-in-chief, the young man departs on his errand. Here is a scene for a painter—a memorable one in the annals of American history.

Life of Nathan Hale

ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE

Ancestry and Early Life

IF we look at Hale's ancestry we find that he was born of good substantial stock, a thing that the Greeks considered essential to greatness. His father, Deacon Richard Hale, of Coventry, Connecticut, was a serious man. He went to bed with the swallows and arose with the lark, and if his boys were not up as early as he, he wanted to know the reason why.

Hale had the simple, manly training of the eighteenth century. He was born June 6, 1755, and his whole life ran through scarcely twenty-one short years. To-day we consider a man young at thirty, in face of all there is for him to learn. Then life was simpler, and greater because of its simplicity. His mother seems to have had artistic and literary inclinations, which afterward showed themselves strongly in her son Nathan. From his father

came that firmness of purpose, that determination, which enabled our ancestors to carry on the war against England in the face of such fearful odds. Authorities differ, but it is stated that Hale entered Yale at sixteen during the presidency of the elder Dwight. His college record is a fascinating one. He was an all-around man, an ideal character, physically, spiritually, and intellectually developed. The jump he made on the campus marked him for many years as the best all-around athlete the college had produced, and the space he covered was shown for years after he left college. Of deep interest is the fact that he was one of the founders of the Linonian Society; that he was considered an able debater, possessing a force and logic in argument which rendered him a formidable opponent. He possessed not only ideal proportions, but a grace and charm which attached all people to him.

It is also recorded that he was a very good

amateur actor and enjoyed all the healthful delights of his contemporaries. Curiously enough we find among his classmates Benjamin Tallmadge, that colonel of the Revolutionary Army who had charge of André during his imprisonment. Another of his intimate college friends was the famous General Hull, one of the charter members of the Society of the Cincinnati, to which the sculptor of this statue stands close, Bishop Partridge, his elder brother, holding the one membership allotted to each line of descendants of the founders of the Society.

While Hale's college standing may have been of little moment, we have reason to believe it was high in merit. It was his standing before the world that we care about. The terseness of his motto suggests the Latin precept "Carpe diem." It was, "A man ought never to lose a moment." In Hale's short life there was no day that did not count for something. He graduated when he was eighteen, but in those days,

of course, the curriculum was easier. Men were more mature then than we find them today. His parents intended him for the ministry, evidently not appreciating that larger ministry of life in which a man serves his God best when he uses his own talents and genius. Let it be said to the glory of East Haddam, Conn., that he was a schoolmaster there. It was this honor, perhaps, that has rescued the town from oblivion.

There was a love episode which makes his death the more tragic. His father, having married, brought into the family a step-daughter Alice, to whom Hale became strongly attached, but strangely enough the Deacon was opposed to the marriage. He had other ambitions for his son Nathan, and therefore ordered his step-daughter to marry a merchant of the village In those days people were guided by the advice of their parents; but, alas! Hale's heart ached sorely when Alice was given over to Elijah

Ripley in that holy sacrament. As we see Hale on the way to the scaffold there is something in his face that makes us feel he is thinking not only of his duty to his country, but of the woman he loved.

We next hear of Hale in New London as a teacher in one of her union grammar schools. There are many letters extant which bear testimony to the fact that he was loved by all his contemporaries. There is a description of him given by a certain Samuel Green, one of his pupils in New London, which may be of interest. I will quote part of it: "His manners were engaging and genteel; his scholars all loved him. While he was not severe, there was something determined in the man, which gave him a control of the boys that was remarkable. He had a way of imparting his views to others in a simple, natural method, without ostentation or egotism, which is a rare gift." In fact, he had that gift of personality which Dr. Ed-

ward Everett Hale says is the rarest of all gifts.

Regarding Nathan Hale's physical proportions, it may be said that he was of an ideal height, about six feet, with broad chest and graceful figure. His features were regular, and his face showed intelligence and strength. His eyes were blue and large, and his hair brown. All his contemporaries speak of his manly beauty. His usual expression was serious; in his dress, strangely enough, he was almost fastidious, altho he led a simple life. His salary was seventy pounds, a generous one for those days; and he added to it by tutoring at night, so that he was enabled to live well. His athletic abilities made him very popular with the boys and young men. It is recorded that he could put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it easily at a bound. As soon as the Continental troops began to gather in New Haven, Nathan Hale took an interest in

their maneuvers. When news came of the fight at Lexington, there was a mass-meeting held at Miner's Tavern, where Hale made an impassioned speech in favor of marching at once to Boston, saying, "Let us not lay down our arms until we have gained independence." A declaration for independence in those days meant either realization or the hangman's noose:

"Then to side with truth is noble, when we share
her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis pros-
perous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the cow-
ard stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is cru-
cified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they
have denied."

Hale immediately secured a leave of absence from school, and at daylight the next morning marched with the New London troops to Massachusetts. He soon received word that he had

been selected as an officer of one of the companies, and resigned his position as schoolmaster. His first active service seems to have been at New London in the defense of that place against the attack of the British man-of-war. It was here that Hale showed his bearing as a soldier. He was one of those men that are born to rule. On September 24, Washington called the Connecticut troops to Boston, and Hale went with them. It is interesting to note that he was introduced to Washington by Jonathan Trumbull, and that he had the personal affection and confidence of the commander-in-chief to the day of his death.

While there was no fighting at Boston at that time, Hale spent his leisure in disciplining his men, by whom he seems to have been idolized. An instance of his patriotism and generosity was shown at the time when his troops, ill-fed, ill-paid, and dissatisfied, became mutinous, and, like certain heroes of antiquity, he paid them

from his own pockets. It is not difficult to see that we are summing up the character of a man greater even than Xenophon or Brutus, more humane, more just, and more tenderly conscious of his duty to God and to man. We have already spoken of him as a social favorite, and now we are telling of a real man—not the creation of a poet's brain. In his diary we find notes as to his having dined with General Putnam, Dr. Wolcott, Captain Hull, and other men of distinction. In fact, he seems to have been fêted wherever he went.

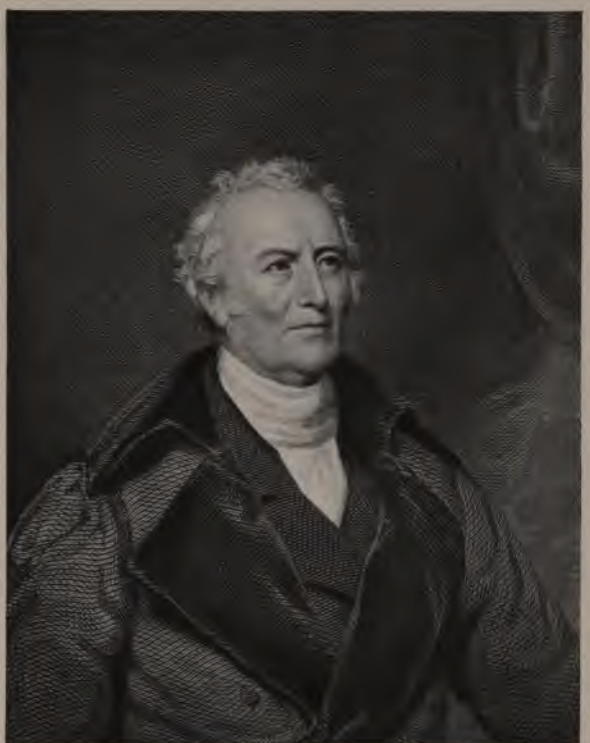
Another element of romance now enters into his life. Alice Ripley, his first love, had become a widow with one child, and it was evidently understood that she and Hale were to be married at the close of the war. Correspondence was kept up between them until his death; and while she lived to a great age, and he died so young, she remained true to her first love. Her last wandering words, as she died years

afterward—an old woman—were, "Write to Nathan."

While on a furlough to New Haven visiting one of his friends, word was sent to him that he had obtained a captain's commission in the army. There seems to have been one idea in his mind at that time, which is expressed in his own rendition of the words of the Latin poet, "How sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

We find an interesting entry in his diary, viz., that he cut evening prayers for a wrestling match. It is even recorded that Washington himself was present on this occasion.

Now comes an enterprise in which Hale shows his abilities as a leader. At the evacuation of Boston a British sloop anchored in the East River, and this was carefully guarded by a man-of-war. Hale conceived and carried out the idea of capturing this sloop, but the risk and danger attending the undertaking were so



WHO INTRODUCED HALE TO WASHINGTON

great that he dared not confide his scheme even to his fellow officers. He knew that the boat was filled with clothing and eatables, and the thought of his ill-fed, poorly clad Continental soldiers outweighed his fears. He chose a few men from his own company and started out without orders. They noiselessly crossed the river to the hostile shore just before the day began to break. It was still dark enough for them to move about without being seen. They heard the watchman on the man-of-war cry, "All's well." Hale awaited his opportunity, climbed over the edge of the sloop, seized the tiller, and, leaving part of his men to watch the unconscious guards, steered for the American wharf, arriving just at dawn in time to receive the cheers of the patriot camp. Had he failed he would have been severely censured. As it was he received thanks for his enterprise and was forgiven. He became more and more the idol of his men.

Life of Nathan Hale

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

W Howe

The Battle of Long Island

AFTER the evacuation of Boston, General Howe sailed to Halifax, and on the 11th of June, 1776, began the memorable expedition whose objective point was New York. The importance of this city was thoroughly understood by both the English and the American forces. Situated at the mouth of the Hudson River, the chief seaport of the Atlantic coast, it was the main roadway to Canada. General Howe's plan of campaign and his motto, "Divide to conquer," involved a scheme to seize New York and despatch his fleet up the Hudson River to meet his army from the north. This program would, if carried out, lead to the absolute isolation of the New England States from the so-called Middle States, which latter he thought would fall an easy prey when beyond the help of the other colonies. He also

intended at the same time to attack the Southern colonies, and hoped that the whole rebellion would thus be speedily crushed. But the sturdy Washington had anticipated in a measure his thought, and had hastily erected fortifications on the present Governor's Island, Red Hook, Fort Green, and Brooklyn Heights; while his main camp was on Long Island and in Brooklyn. He had obstructions placed in the East River to prevent the passage of the British fleet.

On the 29th of June the British fleet arrived in the lower bay, and on the 9th of July Howe's army was landed on Staten Island, where it remained a month and a half, receiving reenforcements almost daily.

The American troops, all told, reckoned but 14,000 fighting men, and their commander, General Nathaniel Greene, being suddenly prostrated with a fever, was superseded by General Israel Putnam and General John Sullivan in

command of the Long Island forces. The American lines extended from Kingsbridge, Manhattan Island, to the Battery, and from Wallabout Bay to Gowanus Meadow many miles away.

It was not until the 22d of August that the British army was transported from Staten Island to a point near the present Fort Hamilton. Washington hurried reenforcements to Brooklyn, the threatened point of attack. The British advanced in three columns toward Brooklyn Heights—the Hessians under General De Heister through the old village of Flatbush, and the right wing under General Clinton, with Lords Percy and Cornwallis along the road running from Bedford to Jamaica; while General Grant with the Highlanders took the more dangerous shore of the bay. The British plan of attack was well conceived. They thought to throw the first two columns against General Stirling near the shore and General Sullivan in

the center, while the right wing, swinging about, would outflank the Americans attacking in the rear. The British without difficulty seized the Jamaica road and the village of Bedford, and the retreat of the American forces was almost cut off. In the mean time the Highlanders had engaged General Stirling's command, while General Sullivan was holding the Hessians valiantly at bay. At the same time the British fleet bombarded the defenses of Red Hook on the right of General Stirling.

It was a precarious moment for the American forces, for, in the midst of his defense of the center, General Sullivan learned that the British flank was in his rear, and he immediately ordered a retreat. His forces became entangled in the woods and were attacked by the English on the one hand, by the Hessians on the other. Many of his men were killed, many were captured, and a few escaped to the enemy's camp. In the same way the forces under Gen-

eral Stirling were taken unawares and routed, and but few managed to escape. The loss on the American side exceeded 3,000 men killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Among the latter, alas! were Generals Sullivan and Stirling. The English loss, all told, was less than 100.

On the same night the British army encamped within the former American lines, throwing up entrenchments within six hundred yards of the enemy's works and opening a bombardment on Fort Putnam. It was a critical moment for the American army. Attacked by a superior force in the front and their retreat likely to be cut off by the fleet in the rear, surrender seemed inevitable. At a council of war it was decided by Washington and his generals that the evacuation of Long Island must be effected. By a very skilful piece of maneuvering this evacuation was accomplished on the night of August 29, the troops being withdrawn in small detachments with no confusion

or alarm—evidently without the British being aware of what was going on. A heavy fog, fortunately for the American forces, enveloped the East River and concealed the movements of the American forces from the English fleet. So Long Island fell into the hands of the British and remained in their control until the end of the war.

I have given this brief sketch of the battle of Long Island to show the almost helpless condition of the American forces at the time when Washington called upon some one of his officers to go into the enemy's country and ascertain certain details regarding their movements and ammunition which he felt were essential to their success.

Life of Nathan Hale

THE SECRET EXPEDITION

INTERVIEW BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND HALE

Drawn by W. R. Leigh

The Secret Expedition

IT was a troublous time for the American cause when Washington lay before the city of New York in 1776 with 14,000 ill-fed, unpaid, discouraged, inexperienced men, awaiting the attack of 25,000 well-equipped veterans. One can grasp the situation in a moment. Many difficult questions now came up. Would the British attack the city of New York directly or would they cross from Montressor's Island to Harlem? Would they pass higher up the Sound, land at Morrisania, or perhaps sail along Long Island and land at some point even farther east? Was it their intention to cut off the communications of the American army with the country? Would they simultaneously land parties in the North River and the East River, stretch across Manhattan Island, and hem in the town?

Upon the solution of these questions depended the fate of the American army. Something had to be done. Washington realized that a spy must be sent into the British lines to learn their intentions. He requested Colonel Knowlton to call his officers together, make known the desperate state of affairs, and ask for a volunteer to enter the British lines. Naturally a man of education was needed, one who understood the technical side of military plans and could make the necessary drawings. Hale was ill and arrived late at this meeting. When Knowlton stated the object of the call no one responded. Men of honor felt it an indignity to act the part of a spy. Knowlton made an impassioned speech, but to no avail. Just then Hale entered, and in a cheerful, determined voice said, "I will undertake it."

At the close of the meeting, Hale visited Hull, his college chum, and told him what had happened. Hull urged his friend against the

undertaking, saying that his detection was certain, and that it would mean the loss of a good soldier to the country. But no argument could deter him, not even the advice of his nearest friends—not even the prospect of the death of a dog. He felt that serving his country, no matter in what manner, was noble, and added, "I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation." All his fellow officers urged him against the enterprise, but without result. Hale then called upon Washington, received his instructions, and, accompanied by two soldiers from his own company, Sergeant Hempstead and Ansel Wright, who had begged permission to accompany him as far as it was deemed advisable, prepared to start on the dangerous expedition.

But this was not the last farewell that was in store for Nathan Hale; he has scarcely left the quarters of the Commander-in-chief when he is

met by his sturdy and faithful friend, Captain John Hull—a chum of old standing whom Hale loved with all his heart. They were such friends as David and Jonathan, as Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Hull has determined at any cost to persuade his friend to give up the errand which he clearly foresees will result in failure and death. He throws all his powers of persuasion in the balance. He calls to mind Hale's position in the army, and the loss of dignity he would sustain with his brother officers, even were he successful in his hazardous undertaking; then in a softer voice he places his hand upon the shoulder of his friend and softly mentions the name of one whose heart must break if Hale should never return, and to whom his ruin means unspeakable sadness. Hale drops his head and is moved by this last appeal even more than by the words of his Commander-in-chief. Hull sees his advantage and follows it up quickly with other

persuasive arguments; but the tears that have started into the eyes of the patriot are dashed away, and, straightening himself to his full height of six feet, he looks his friend steadily in the eye and tells him that his determination can not be shaken even by the mention of a name for which he would lay down his life had he not before him the first and greatest need of his country. And so the two pass on arm in arm soon to be joined by Hale's confederates, and Hull accompanies him far out upon his journey. They speak to one another as the heart speaks in the presence of that silence which may fall at a moment's notice and without warning close the most promising life that was ever devoted to the cause of liberty.

Of the three men who started out from town but one returns, Captain Hull in his uniform with bowed head, and we do not wonder that all night he turned in his sleep with a strange rest-

lessness which his companion officers could not understand.

How far Hempstead and Wright accompanied Hale we do not know. They left him, on that memorable eve of September 15, 1776, late at night and in an impenetrable fog. But a light passed into that fog which has never been quenched, and which must burn brightly so long as the American Republic endures.

Clothed in the garb of a schoolmaster, in which dress I have attempted to show him in my statue, and taking with him his college diploma in order to bear out the character, Hale walked about forty miles, and crossed from Harlem Heights to Long Island. At nightfall he boarded a boat and started back across the Sound. The place where he landed is now called the "Cedars." Near by a certain Widow Chichester, known as "Mother Chich," kept a tavern, a rendezvous for the Tories of the neighborhood. However, Hale passed here in

safety. He moved on until he finally reached the city of New York.

The Continental officers wore long faces when Hale went out from their midst upon an errand that they knew meant life or death. Many of his most intimate friends knew nothing of where he was going. If before he returned the army moved off with his belongings he was quite willing to take his chances of rejoining his command. He had one great purpose and motive before him, and all material matters were subordinated to it. Of one thing we may be sure, that he passed through the entire British army; for the drawings found in his shoes and the Latin notes show an accurate description of all its fortifications and plans.

Whether, previous to his capture, Hale had managed to convey any information to Washington, is a matter of pure conjecture. If he did so, the knowledge of it died with himself and Washington. It would have been a state

secret not to be given to the public ear. But it is very possible, but not probable, that he was in almost constant communication with General Washington, and that despite his untimely death the information he was able to send to Washington about General Howe's movements, through the confederates he found everywhere, must have been of great service to the Father of our country, at that critical time when he was puzzled and anxious as to the movements and equipment of the British.

PARTING OF HALE FROM HIS FRIEND, CAPTAIN HULL

Drawn by W. R. Leigh

Life of Nathan Hale

THE CAPTURE AND EXECUTION

The Capture and Execution

HALE had virtually accomplished his work. He had been for nearly two weeks within the enemy's lines; he had shown a rare sagacity in passing by the different guards; he had met and recognized and been recognized by men who knew him in the months that had passed; he had made designs of all the fortifications of General Howe; he had formed so just an estimate of the strength and numbers of the enemy as to astonish and surprise Howe when after his capture it was spread out before him; his work was actually accomplished, and he was now about to return. It is not to be wondered at that he grew a little reckless and over-confident as he sat in the tavern of Widow Chichester, the resort of the officers and Tories of the town.

It was a picturesque scene. There were the English officers each with his brilliant uniform,

gilded breastplate and gold epaulets, white trousers and leggings and three-cornered hat, with deep-blue coat, having the brass buttons of King George in evidence, or clad in blue coat with brilliant red trimmings and gold epaulets, the hair caught at the back in the picturesque and simple manner of the times; the cavalrymen with high boots and long curved sabers, and the infantry with their long guns stacked up against the corner. Then, too, we see a Tory or two in civilian costume, with light-blue or red satin coat faced with gold, with satin breeches, white stockings and low shoes with silver buckles—all so picturesque and brilliant and attractive to the man who thought he had accomplished his mission, and in his mind's eye pictured a safe return and the welcome he would receive at the hands of his soldiers, his home, and his sweetheart. Is it a wonder that, under the influence, perhaps, of an extra glass of Mother Chichester's ale, he

By courtesy of the Truth Publishing Co., N. Y.

MOTHER CHICHESTER'S TAVERN

From the Painting by J. L. G. Ferris

grew a little reckless, and perchance was possessed by an over-confidence that we may accord to men of his years rather than of his mind; that perhaps he entered into a conversation with such animation that his flashing eye and ready speech were recognized by some Tory passing through the room, who paused only long enough to make sure that it was Nathan Hale, the rebel, who was haranguing or listening to these English officers over their glasses, and then went out to betray unto death the man with whom, it is said, he was connected by ties of blood?

It was not long after the departure of the betrayer that Madame Chichester entered the room, excitedly exclaiming that a boat was approaching the shore. Hale sprang from his seat, seized his schoolmaster's hat of dull brown or black, caring for neither soldier nor civilian, passed out of the tavern, down to the shore where he expected to meet the boat that was to

carry him safely to his own camp. So sure was he that this boat bore his friends that he gesticulated and even shouted to it, and it was not until he reached the very edge of the water that he suddenly found a number of muskets leveled at his breast and was commanded to surrender. How dramatic and fearful the scene! How quick the transition! How terrible the change that must have come over his heart! A few moments before he had been building his castles in the air—now he looked into these English muskets and knew that all hope was over forever. The picture fastens itself indelibly upon the mind, with a pathos that is almost appalling, did we not keep before us the thought that Hale, with all his healthy love of life, still looked on death as not the greatest evil that could befall one—nay, as even glorious when met in the round of duty.

Hale was taken immediately on board the guard-ship *Halifax*, and it must be said that

Captain Quarne of this ship treated him with more kindness than he ever received afterward. He was immediately sent to the headquarters of General Howe, and it is interesting to know that he was confined in the greenhouse of the old Beekman mansion at Fifty-first Street and First Avenue—this house being Howe's headquarters at this time—until that general could see him and arrange for his execution.

Howe was thunderstruck when the memoranda which Hale carried in his shoes were spread before him, and with the extent and accuracy of the prisoner's work. It is certain that the English commander was so impressed with the prisoner's personality that he offered him a full pardon if he would enter the British army. We now find Hale the simple, frank American officer that he was before he went on his errand, refusing any bribery, and making a full and frank confession of all that he deemed was right. There was only one thing for Howe to

do, and we must consider his action with the mercy that is due to those critical periods of history that try men's souls. We believe that he was no more willing to execute Hale than Washington was to sign the death-warrant of Major André, but nevertheless he wrote a formal order to William Cunningham, Provost-Marshal of the royal army, to receive into his custody the body of Nathan Hale, a captain of the rebel army, and at daybreak the next morning, September 22d, 1776, to see him hanged by the neck until dead. The old jail stood not far away from what is now the eastern boundary of City Hall Park, near the Hall of Records.

Cunningham's character has been analyzed and set forth by many writers. He was a brutal man, most of the time intoxicated, and he took a malevolent delight in torturing those who came under his care. He even drew from his prisoners the pay which the British army allowed them for rations. One of his chief de-

THE CAPTURE OF HALE

Drawn by W. R. Leigh

lights was to torment his victims when they stood under the very shadow of the gallows; but in the case of Hale it had no effect. His thoughts were "poised and far away." He listened quietly to the death-warrant, and his request for a Bible was brutally refused. But there seems to have been some kind-hearted guard who furnished him with writing materials after Cunningham had fallen into a drunken sleep.

That solemn night was spent in prayer and writing letters, which were to be destroyed the next morning by this same Cunningham, who was enraged by their sentiments, and determined that the world should not know how nobly a rebel could die; or, to quote his exact words, that "the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, in an interesting essay of twenty-odd years ago which led to a revival of interest in the name and deeds of

Nathan Hale, dwelt, as many historians have done, on the last hours of the patriot. What they were we know only from hearsay. If it be true that the Provost-Marshal Cunningham was the brute that history has depicted him, it is gratifying to know that the guard who had Hale in charge when Cunningham fell into his drunken slumbers did not deny him the Bible which Cunningham had forbidden; and did testify to the letters of farewell to his mother and to his fiancée, which we have before described.

The hanging probably took place at Chambers Street in an old graveyard, and was as cruel and brutal as one could imagine. The custom was to have the prisoner march from the jail under an armed guard to the graveyard, Cunningham with a squad of officers bringing up the rear, and by his side the black hangman, Richmond, with a ladder over his shoulder and a coil of rope about his neck. At the foot of a

tree stood a long pine box, which was to hold all that remained of one of the most brilliant and courageous spirits that ever trod this American soil. Near by was a freshly dug grave, but it had no terrors for Nathan Hale. These things with which Cunningham used to terrify his captives might have affected men of a different order.

We must look upon the city as scarcely awake; the sunshine just breaking across the horizon, crowds of lower-class people, soulless and heartless; women, children, and teamsters, who had gathered with the curiosity natural to mankind, to see the hanging of a spy. When Hale turned toward them with that far-away look, it made no difference to him that he confronted not one friendly face. His interests had passed beyond the things of this earth, and were at rest with God and those he loved. When at last he stood on the ladder waiting for the rope to be thrown over the limb of a tree,

Cunningham demanded a confession. Hale's concise reply to that command has made him immortal. It reveals him as one of the greatest heroes in the history of any nation. The exact words as we know them are, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." And that was spoken more to posterity than to the jeering mob around him. We can imagine the flabby and bedraggled Cunningham staggered by an order of heroism that he could not understand. Enraged by this reply, and fearful of its influence on the crowd, he cried out, "Swing the rebel off!" And the negro pushed him from the ladder to his death. One quick death-struggle, and all was over.

There is a report that there was one Bogert, a Long Island farmer, present with his wagon, who was asked to see a man hanged as late as 1784. "No," he replied, "I have seen one man hanged as a spy and that is enough for me. That old devil-catcher, Cunningham, was so

brutal and hung him up as a butcher would a calf. I have never been able to efface that scene of horror from my mind." We are not surprised to hear that the women witnesses sobbed—they had women's hearts—and the brutal Cunningham swore at them, telling them they would have the same fate.

A few hours later a British officer came into the American camp under a flag of truce and told Hamilton, then a captain of artillery, that Captain Hale had been arrested, condemned as a spy, and executed that morning. His brother officers discussed his sorrowful fate, feeling that a precious life had been sacrificed and that nothing had been gained in return; but there was not a man in the Continental army who was not strengthened by that noble patriotism and unselfish devotion to his country. One hero may die in silence, but a thousand will rise where these fair blossoms of manhood fall.

Comparison of Hale and André

Comparison of Hale and André

PERHAPS the most touching chapters of the Revolutionary epoch are those which deal with the deaths of Hale and André. It is an interesting matter to contrast with the Connecticut schoolmaster the cultured and distinguished British colonel, fresh from the salons of Paris and London, a littérateur, an artist of no mean accomplishment, and a gentleman of refinement and taste. Washington has been severely criticized for permitting this brilliant young officer to suffer the death penalty; but we can not doubt that he carried out the same inexorable duty in regard to a spy found in the enemy's camp, that caused General Howe to sign the death-warrant of Nathan Hale.

John André rose in the ranks as rapidly as did Hale, by means of that magnetism which men call personality. From the position of

aide-de-camp he advanced to the position of Adjutant-General of the British forces. It was at this time that the traitor Arnold, finding this ready clay so plastic in his hands, and seeing in the bright and lively spirit of this young Englishman the very stuff to trade and traffic with, used him in his proposition to the British to sell to them the important fortress of West Point on the Hudson River, the key of the American position.

It was a curious affair, André's going out on a vessel bearing a flag of truce to have an interview with the American General Arnold. Before that interview or negotiation had terminated, an American fort had opened fire on the vessel and caused her to drop down river. André was in a dilemma. He could not return by the way he had come, and was forced to pass the night in the American lines at the house of his guide, and to set out the next day by land for New York. The quick-witted Arnold had

provided him with passports which carried him through the American outposts unmolested. The next day, however, when he grew reckless amid danger, and his guide, Smith, had left him in sight of the English lines, he was suddenly stopped by three militiamen of the enemy and carried back, as we know, a prisoner, never to return. He came in the course of events before Washington and a court-martial. He made a spirited defense; the remonstrances were accorded all due weight; everything was done to save him; but perhaps the story of the way in which Nathan Hale was suspended from that apple-tree, and of the tearing up by the brutal Provost-Marshal Cunningham of the letters which Hale had written to his own friends and family, was present in the hearts and minds of the American officers.

And yet it was without hate that Major André was executed as a spy on October 2, 1780. The sentence was justified by martial law; and

posterity has passed its quiet and unbiased approval of the act. André tried to bribe a major-general, and in fact perjured himself in such a manner as to make his position beyond that of a mere spy found in an enemy's country. One only regrets that the traitor Arnold escaped while the tool he used paid such a fatal penalty. André was no doubt a man of rare courage and distinguished military attainments. His mind had been well cultivated. He also showed considerable poetic and musical talent, if not genius, but he should never have gone on such a criminal mission, so unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier.

A bit of romance here touches our hearts most keenly. When stripped of everything by the militiamen who had seized him, he managed to conceal in his mouth a portrait of Miss Sneyd, which he always carried on his person. Perhaps it was fortunate that his fiancée had breathed her last some months before his capture, altho this news had not reached his ears.

Major Andre

From an Engraving by W. G. Jackman

His unhappy fate excited the sympathy of Europe, and the whole British army went into mourning for him. A sculptured relief in Westminster Abbey, placed there by the British government in 1821, testified to the admiration they had for this brilliant and courageous soldier.

The comparative merits of the characters of Nathan Hale and Major André will be the subject of dispute for many years to come. But we are inclined to look upon the subject in a more lenient way than our able historian Henry Cabot Lodge, who calls André a spy and a traitor who sought to ruin the American cause by bribery. We are more inclined to believe that a man of André's refinement, culture, and abilities would stake, in the same way that Nathan Hale did, his own life in the service of his country, knowing that the penalty meant death if he were discovered or caught. Mr. Lodge says André sought his ends by bribery; but do not all spies seek their ends by bribery, and is

not this part of their business and the business of war? "However we may pity his fate, his name has no place in the great temple at Westminster where all English-speaking people bow with reverence," is too strong language for Mr. Lodge to venture upon, and he must furnish sufficient historical data to prove his words. This he has scarcely done; and, moreover, if he could furnish such data, he would have to prove that a man of high spiritual, moral, and intellectual attainments had suddenly become a scoundrel, which is hardly conceivable to the mind of the common-sense thinker.

We do not detract from the glory of Nathan Hale in giving André what praise is due him for undertaking a mission of such dangerous character, knowing full well that his life hung in the balance.

An artist comes to know men not by what is said about them or even by what they say about themselves, but by the writing of life

upon their faces, and after thirty years of experience with the human face he learns to read it like a book. A man may conceal for a moment the trend of his thought, but it is only a swerve in the current of the river,—the water will soon bear on again, and the thoughts and feeling of the man will reveal themselves in the eye and general expression of the face. Any one who has studied the refined and gentle face of André knows that the words of Mr. Lodge are too strong.

It is unfortunate for André, that, without regard to physiognomy, his life does not exhibit the nobility and straightforwardness that the life of Hale bears on its face. There is a question as to whether the metal in André's character was pure gold or not, but that question can never be raised with the character of Nathan Hale. We do know that, while André was quartered at the house of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia where there was an excellent por-

trait of that great statesman, he took away the picture, saying that he would hang that at present as he hoped later to hang the man it depicted, and that he also took away two boxes of valuable books belonging to Benjamin Franklin. We know that later this portrait was found in possession of an earl in England, and it is fair to assume that André had sold it, together with the books. We know that his taking of this property was contrary to the rules of warfare and can not be excused even under the plea that we were rebels, and not such a foe as England might have had in a war with France or Germany. By the code of the English army this deed laid André open to being court-martialed and perchance shot, had he been detected, or had he not had sufficient influence to cover this theft.

Of course the greater criminal in the act for which he was executed was Benedict Arnold, into whose hands André fell and by whom he was used as a tool to carve out the traitor's

execrable plans. How unfortunate it was that André was led to abandon his uniform and put on a citizen's dress when he left Benedict Arnold, while the latter knew that André's capture meant death! It would have been an easy matter for Arnold to have sent him down the river in a boat and placed him safely upon the *Vulture*, an English war-ship that was anchored below.

We must remember that Major André was twenty-nine when he was executed, and Nathan Hale had just touched the threshold of manhood and was scarcely twenty-one. André was more a man of the world, altho Hale was welcomed everywhere because of his frank and pleasing personality. But with all his personal charm he could not have appeared in the salons of London or Paris with the same poise and *savoir faire* that André had at his command. On the other hand, the world had little time to work its ill upon the face and form of Nathan

Hale. He must have stood beneath the gallows tree a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, with a clear, transparent face, and an expression that a child could read as he runs. He had the deep-set eye of the student and introspective thinker. He went on that mission understanding thoroughly its dangerous import, not from mere bravado, but with a sense of the loftiest courage inspiring him to serve his country at any cost.

Compared with André, Hale was more vigorous, more virile; stouter of limb and body, more intellectually honest, but without the brilliancy of intellect or that ripe culture which comes from association with quick-witted men in a great metropolis like London or Paris. This in no way detracts from his character. He was simple and single-hearted, noble, untrammeled by the usages of society or the demands of the social world.

The last words of Major André are said to

have been: "I request you, gentlemen, that you bear me witness to the world that I die like a brave man." These are fine words, worthy of the gentleman and soldier that he was, but contrast them for a moment with the sublimity of those of Hale, when he exclaims: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Had André succeeded, he would have had the applause of his king, and one of the highest offices in the army to crown his efforts as a spy. Even in his failure he had all that England could give—a tablet in Westminster Abbey among her illustrious dead. Where are the ashes of Nathan Hale? Scattered to the four winds of heaven! Perhaps it is better so, for he rests in our hearts to-day. He is an ideal and undying patriot. We can place our hands on no spot and point to no tomb, saying, "Here lie the ashes of Nathan Hale." But this whole country pulses with one great heart-beat at the mention of his name.

Character of Nathan Hale

Character of Nathan Hale

OUR American world, given so much to commerce, is, of necessity, only beginning to appreciate the service of those men who have gone on before, and who have made this great and wonderful republic.

Among all the patriots the name of Nathan Hale stands brightly out in the darkness of the nation's struggle for her independence. The traffic of this great city sweeps over the spot where his body was rudely thrown by that cruel provost-marshal, who, too, has found in the opinion of posterity his due compensation.

If it be true that Howe had decreed, which the author greatly doubts, that "Hale should die like a dog," it is certainly a fact that Provost-Marshal Cunningham saw that Hale had as bad a death as any dog could suffer. But we are inclined to think that the half-drunken

officer, jealous of the heroism which he had not the soul to appreciate, wanted to blot the patriot from the face of the earth as did Nero the Christians who folded their arms before him and died with a faith that the Roman emperors had no soul to appreciate or understand.

If the British hoped, or the rough men who surrounded the young American officer at that moment dreamed, to obliterate the name and deeds of Captain Hale, they certainly have been unsuccessful, for

"Unto each man his handicraft, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives."

Nathan Hale, when he stood under that tree, had no wrong feeling for the mob about him, for even the drunken provost-marshal who had destroyed his letter to her whom he loved and had refused his latest hours the Christian consolation of a Bible. Unstintedly and unreservedly had he given his life to his country, and amid

STATUE OF NATHAN HALE (PROFILE VIEW)

By William Ordway Partridge

these wretches we see him self-centered and sublime.

There was no room in the character of Nathan Hale for the pride, scorn, and pettiness of a little man. It is not where the cannon booms or the thrills of battle stir the blood, that the greatest heroes are to be found, but where men and women die in silence, with God only to witness their heroism.

Hale had everything to expect from his army. No one stood higher in the regard of his superiors. He knew that by succeeding he might save the American army, and that his failure meant the most shameful death; but some men are greatest in their death, and no doubt his heroic sacrifice produced more effect on those discouraged troops than if he had returned with all the information the British took away from him. He knew that he would be remembered as a spy, but he could wait calmly for the "afterword" of posterity, when he would

take his own place, and men would understand that he had gone forth with one simple, direct purpose—to serve his country and his God in whatever capacity was demanded of him. In Lowell's "Present Crisis" are words that seem applicable to this heroic death-scene:

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were men who stood alone
While the crowd they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam incline
Toward the side of perfect freedom, mastered by their faith sublime,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and by God's supreme design."

Swinburne in his "Rivers of Babylon" has expressed the same sentiment:

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;

CHARACTER OF NATHAN HALE

Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying, so lives.
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, tho he face man's fate.
How should he die,
Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head?
He hath bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.
For an hour if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face,
On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies."

This same thought is echoed in Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral." The master-poets love to deal with the victory of the vanquished, which the world's thinkers know to be greater than the victory of the victorious.

In his address commemorative of Yale's two centuries of achievement, Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court thus referred to that institution's debt of honor to Nathan Hale, her first patriot:

"Will Yale prove equal to the emergency? She herself has grown. Organization has a foothold in her life. The struggling little college with a single curriculum has broadened into a great university with various departments and a multitude of courses of study. Hundreds of instructors and thousands of students gather here. She dwells in princely habitations. Her educational appliances and facilities are wonderful. Are all these things which wealth has gathered about her but the decoration of

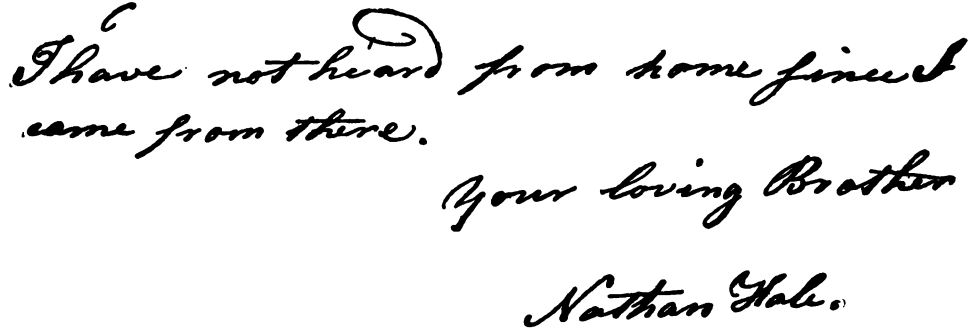
the mausoleum, or are they the appliances and facilities for a larger work of training and service? Watchful and loving eyes are upon her. Will the dying words of her martyred son Hale become simply a motto written on a picture panel, a fossil curiosity in her museum, or remain the inspiring thought of all her instructors and students? If the one, the funeral ode may as well be written. If the other, then all the magnificences of her present equipment will be but the tools of great usefulness and the habiliments of an ever-advancing glory. Will that thought of public services vanish from her halls? From out the silence of God's acre I hear her sainted founders reply 'God forbid.' From the great army of instructors and graduates now numbered with the silent majority comes the earnest answer, 'Never!' while from the lips of ten thousand living instructors and graduates rolls thunderingly the solemn oath of President Jackson, 'By the Eternal, Never!'"

CHARACTER OF NATHAN HALE

There is no Yale student, no young American, who has any pride in his country, no patriot of any country, whose heart does not beat more quickly as he reads of the simple and noble sacrifice of Nathan Hale. The annals of Greece and Rome show nothing finer, nothing nobler.

Hale was constituted to be successful in anything he undertook. It is hardly necessary to add that he was a Christian gentleman, and one of the last requests he made of the brutal British jailer was for a Bible. He seems to have had the sanity of the Greek mind.

Edward Everett Hale has told us that Washington was not the man of the school-book order, but a natural human being and dearer to us for the fact; so it takes nothing from the glory of Hale to say that he was of the same mold. He enjoyed his friends, his wine, and his cards, but all with moderation and sanity. In fact he was a man of the world in the Christian acceptance of the word.


I have not heard from home since I came from there.

Your loving Brother

Nathan Hale.

[FACSIMILE OF WRITING OF NATHAN HALE.]

CHARACTER OF NATHAN HALE

It has been suggested by some pessimist that "Republics forget and kings only are grateful." But this epigram is self-contradictory. If the time ever comes when we do forget, as a people, these heroic spirits,—we shall have signed and sealed the death-warrant of this Republic. There can be no true cosmopolitanism, despite much idle talk, without true patriots.

There are few men who will question the insight of the great seer and philosopher, Coleridge, and there are few inspired critics who can be compared with him. What he says in his short essays is definitive. He has the gift, that rare gift, of finding the heart of his subject and laying it bare before you. He has the artist soul speaking through the philosophic mind. Writing of the Greek he says: "History shows us that the Greek attained to the highest in art and literature when he was free,—when his patriotism was at its intensest enthusiasm. The moment she lost her independence her arts

fell into decadence, and her artists were scattered over the civilized world." And what he says is true, not only of yesterday, but of to-day.

With Hale it was another case of the soul of Greece against the bulk of Persia. He stood out for fourteen thousand half-starved, poorly clad men, against twenty-five thousand of the best-disciplined men and veterans England could send to our shores. He had talked long and earnestly with Washington and he knew the depth and import of his mission. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve; consequently we know little of that serious conversation that he had with the commander-in-chief before he started on that mission from which he was never to return.

Hale forsook all! He had the scorn not only of the British but of his own people. But his life stands out in something more enduring even than bronze to testify to that order of

heroism which we call "the victory of the vanquished."

We must go back to the time when our forefathers came to this land. We do not forget, but we glory in the fact that we are English. The author comes of a race who held their commissions from Washington, but who are still English in blood and feeling. He knows that the heart of every true Englishman will respond to the story and noble sacrifice of one who was essentially English altho fighting for the moment against his motherland. The time is coming when there will be no Englishman and no American, but when the people of one common blood will have one common name, one common tongue, and hearts that beat in unison. Our forefathers, having conquered the material forces of nature, made their homes here, built their stockades against the red man, and called themselves free. That they were not actually free, they learned when Lincoln made his sub-

lime proclamation in 1862. It took nearly an hundred years to teach this larger lesson of the freedom of the spirit—to lift freedom, as it were, out of the possessive case.

But we must remember, as Coleridge suggests, that patriotism is the true nurse of the cosmopolitan, and that men who say, in a large way, that their country is the world, are generally like the character of whom Edward Everett Hale has written, "without a country." The doors of their hearts and souls are closed to the revelations of the oracle of patriotism and the hearthstone. They are men away from the main stream and current of their country and time. They are either voluntary exiles spending their lives in foreign travel, or professors whose horizons are bounded by the little college towns they live in.

There are many men who will look back, as they think of a heroic life, to their own careless youth lying like an oasis in the waste of the

desert, and who would give all the world's trifling honors for one day of clear-eyed, daring, sublime martyrdom. There are some men to embody whose spirit word-language seems inadequate and only enduring bronze is fit.

So the historian and socialist turn to the artist and say, "Art is a safeguard." In these days when the physical sciences threaten to sweep away all places of man's relationship with the heroic and divine, one heroic statue with its uplifted face establishes, as nothing else can do, the fact that duty is forever beyond and above the physical senses, and that there is something in man beyond the appetites of the body. Even the Alaskan savage sets up his totem pole to convey the idea that the soul of heroism must sometime escape from the limitations of the body.

The lesson of a life like Nathan Hale is one of temperance and balance. It shows us what can be accomplished silently in the freedom of

the spirit. It teaches us the truth of what the truest poets of this epoch have written:

"Thou hast but to resolve, and lo, God's whole
Great universe shall fortify thy soul."

One of the saddest sights in life is to see a man who has drifted from his purpose, at the mercy of wind and tide—a helpless derelict on the ocean of life, a slave of the forms and formalism of his time. And one of the most magnificent examples to stand between man and such disintegration is a hero like Hale, to speak silently from the bronze the words of the poet:

"Beneath this starry arch
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will."

That Hale had a deep religious feeling and was a true Christian gentleman goes almost without saying; and we may also infer that dogma played little part in his life. Walt

Whitman speaks to this people with a living voice when he says:

"Your facts are useful but they are not my dwelling,
I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling."

Whitman knew that man and his purpose were greater than talk or institutions, greater than creed or any visible accomplishment.

Twenty years ago it would have been impossible to erect a statue of Nathan Hale that would have in any way represented him as our ideal patriot. We had neither the technique nor the right appreciation to do so. But now the hour seems ripe for its performance. We are beginning to consider the world of ideals as well as the world of facts which underlies it; that is, we are studying the background of life as well as the pleasing foreground which satisfies the senses.

My moral conception of Nathan Hale is a different one from that of other sculptors who

have represented him as an aristocrat defying the mob of soldiers and half-awakened citizens who surrounded that apple-tree in the early morning. He has followed in the footsteps of his divine Master and of men like Giordano Bruno, who accepted the fate of a martyr not only with faith, but gladly for country and God. As our poet Lowell writes:

"By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

The names of Achilles, Hector, and the storied heroes of Homer pale before the simple self-sacrifice of the Christian hero, Hale. We need a new order of poets to record the heroic deeds

of such men. The high-sounding phrases of the Greeks are not sincere enough for our purpose, and America has begun to place the form of her ideal patriot before her citizens in that language of form which is understood by all nations and all people. And the time is not far distant when some new Whitman or Whittier, Bryant or Lowell will record the deeds of Nathan Hale in verse which is worthy of his lofty achievement.

It is true that André has had all the honor that the English nation can pay to one of her heroes. He has a place in Westminster Abbey, that most sublime of all mausoleums, but we must believe that Nathan Hale has still a greater place in the hearts of his people. Stone by stone, bit by bit, that vast mausoleum of Westminster is crumbling away, but the name and character of Nathan Hale are growing and are transmitted from father to son. We must believe with the Greek that "character is des-

tiny," and that the name and fame of Hale rest upon a pedestal more enduring than granite or bronze.

The sorrowful death of Hale and the cruel way in which he was treated in comparison with the soldier-like treatment which André received at the hands of Washington and his generals had no effect upon him. His thoughts were far away and at rest.

What if he were thrust into a noisome dungeon in a sugar-house, what if the last letters he had written to his beloved were destroyed before his eyes, and the Bible he revered were taken from him—nothing could shake his faith any more than his fellow officers could shake his determination to give his life, if it need be, for his country's sake. He was no longer living the life of the outside world. If they had put him upon the rack, it would have been the same with him. The curious crowd in the early morning, the ribald teamsters, the scornful sol-

diers, the half-drunken women of the streets who had gathered about that apple-tree to see the execution—all these things were nothing to a man whose soul was fixed on God.

A resident of Hale's native town, Coventry, John S. Babcock, Esq., and a poet of no mean reputation, has written a touching tribute to Hale's memory, from which we quote the following verses:

"He fell in the spring of his early prime,
With his fair hopes all around him;
He died for his birth-land—a glorious crime,
Ere the palm of his fame had crowned him.

"He fell in her darkness, he lived not to see
The morn of her risen glory;
But the name of the brave, in the heart of the free,
Shall be twined in her deathless story."

I give below an epitaph which was written thirty years ago by George Gibbs, who was at one time the librarian of the New York Historical Society:

CHARACTER OF NATHAN HALE

Stranger, Beneath this Stone,
Lies the Dust of
A Spy
Who Perished Upon the Gibbet;
Yet
The Storied Marbles of the Great,
The Shrines of Heroes,
Entombed not one more Worthy of
Honor
Than him who here
Sleeps his last sleep.
Nations
Bow with Reverence before the Dust
Of him who dies
A Glorious death,
Urged on by the Sound of the Trumpet
And the shouts of
Admiring thousands.
But what Reverence, what honor,
Is not due to one
Who for his country encountered
Even an infamous death,
Soothed by no sympathy,
Animated by no praise.

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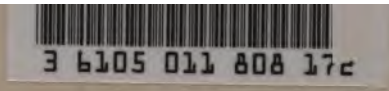
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